

*Miss Brown in the Character of Calypso.*



*— Revenge, Revenge,  
This Spear shall right my injur'd beauty.*

*Act III. Sc. 3.*

Published by Harrison & Co June 1. 1781.

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# Calypso and Telemachus.

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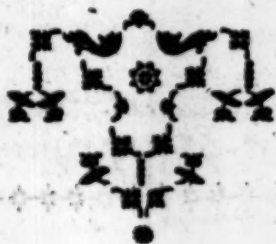
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Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

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By JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

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L O N D O N ;

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M DCC LXXXI.

# Calypso and Telemachus.



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

**TELEMACHUS**, a young Grecian Prince, the Son of Ulysses.

**MENTOR**, attending Telemachus as his Friend, and known to him only under that Quality. but is Minerva concealed in the Person of Mentor.

**PROTEUS**, a Sea-God, the Son of Neptune and Tethys, represented by the Poets, as having a Power to transform himself into all Manner of Shapes.

### W



**CALYPSO**, a Goddess inhabiting the Island of Ogygia.

**EUCLIDES**, the Chief of her Nymphs. Nymphs attending Calypso.

**SCENE**, the Island OGYGIA.





# Calypso and Telemachus.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *The Sea-Shore.*

Calypso and Eucharis.

Calypso looking towards the Sea.

HERE, on this beach, he stood, the pride of Greece:

'Twas here from my forsaken isle  
The fam'd Ulysses parted;  
Nor could eternal spring, that blossoms here,  
The promise of immortal youth,  
Nor all my soothing arts—ah! cruel hero!  
Engage thy stay.

I saw thee climb the ship, I saw thee sail,  
Till, far in trackless seas, I lost the sight;  
Then turn'd away my eyes, which since  
Have serv'd me but to weep thy absence.

#### AIR I.

For thee the rilling waters weep  
That dash from rocks, or softly creep  
In murmurs to the sea:  
The winds, that o'er my island blow,  
Bear on their breezy wings my woe,  
And, sighing, call for thee.

Euch. Behold, divine Calypso!

Two gallant strangers from the shore  
Are this way moving:

At yonder creek I saw them first appear.

Cal. The seas run high—'Twas such a day as this

When first I saw Ulysses.

Alas! unknowing I pronounce that name;

Still the fond sound dwells flatter'd on my tongue,  
Ulysses! O Ulysses!

Euch. See, here they come.

Cal. Eucharis,

Withdraw with me, and let us mark them.

[They retire to a corner of the stage; Telemachus  
and Mentor enter at a distance.]

#### SCENE II.

Calypso, Eucharis, Telemachus and Mentor.

Tel. Ye gracious gods!

To what new trial have you hither brought me?

#### AIR II.

I go—yet know not where;

Fare leads, and I obey.

The brave, still free from fear,

Pursue their destin'd way.

Cal. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he, the lovely youth! Ulysses'

father lives express'd in ev'ry feature. [son!]

'—O my conscious beating heart!—

'Tis he, it is Telemachus.

[Advances to them as they are going off.]

Young stranger! stay;

The land you tread is mine;

Now have you dar'd t'approach it without leave?

Tel. O nymph divine! for such thy form be-  
speaketh thee,

A sudden shipwreck cast me on your isle.

My th' unhappy son of great Ulysses,

That, wand'ring, seeks his father:

My father, wand'ring too, o'er seas and land,

Has spent whole years;

Since from Troy's famous siege returning home,

By fates averse detain'd,

He strives, in vain, to reach his native shore,

That seems to fly before him.

Cal. [*Aside.*] O! he is all Ulysses!—But that

Who is he, or from whence?

[*Friend;*]

Severest wisdom sits upon his brow,

And majesty divine.

I'm aw'd, and wish him hence.

To Tel.] Well, royal Youth!

All things shall smile, and thou may'st here be happy;

Thy father—but I will not tell thee now—

First let me lead thee to my grotto; there

In gentle sleep thou shalt forget thy cares,

And, waking, blest the storm that drove thee hither.

#### AIR III.

Pleasing visions shall attend thee,

Soft repose and blooming joy;

Smiling hours the gods shall send thee;

Happy, then, thy gifts employ.

[Exit Calypso, Telem. and Mentor.]

#### SCENE III.

Euch. Is this Calypso?—This the mourning fair

That taught the vocal caves and ev'ry echo

To murmur and complain for lost Ulysses?

This young Ulysses fires her soul; I saw,

I saw it in her eyes;

She gaz'd, she smil'd, and call'd out all her charms,

To sooth him into fondness.

The Cave of Proteus arises, adorned with Coral,

Shell-fish, &c. Sea Monsters represented around it.

#### SCENE IV.

Proteus and Eucharis,

Prot. Lovely fair!

Euch. Godlike he look'd and spoke,

While she—

Prot. Behold thy lover!

Euch. With rapture saw and heard

What well might charm a goddess.

Prot. Behold me, hear me,

Thy lover Proteus—

Euch. [*Seeing him.*] O the frightful form!

But doubly frightful now.

[*Asides*]

Prot. Proteus adores thee.

Euch. O Telemachus!

[*Aside.*]

Prot. The son of ocean woes thee to his bed,

In coral caves, and grotts of shining amber.

Euch. Alas!

[*Aside.*]

Prot. On the green flood I oft have seen

The sporting sea-nymphs in a row

Shine in the court of Neptune;

Yet Galatea, if she view'd thy face,

Would dive beneath the waves!

Nor Amphitrite's self is half so lovely.

Euch. If I am lovely, will that make thee so?

Proteus forbear—

Of all the various shapes thou can'st assume,

Thou hast not one to please me.

## AIR IV.

No, no—you'd deceive me,  
Still changing  
And ranging.  
So various a lover  
I never can bear.  
Go, leave me,  
Thou rover!

To the winds and the waves thy passion discover,  
They sooner will hear. [Exit Eueh.]

## SCENE V.

Prot. Stay, wand'ring nymph!—If I am full of  
Thou fly'st from thy own likeness. [change,  
Stay—hear the prophet, if you hate the lover.  
Proteus will tell thee—but she's gone—  
That all the various shapes he can assume  
Are not so various as one courted beauty!  
That winds, and waves, and shifting sands,  
All, all are female—yet I'll follow her.  
Ere this she smiles, and now she frowns;  
Anon she'll smile again,  
While I alone am constant.

## AIR V.

Pursue, pursue the flying fair;  
Tho' she fly there,  
'Tis to try thee;  
'Tis a folly to despair.

Pursue, pursue the flying fair. [Exit after her.]

## SCENE VI. Calypso's Grotto.

Calypso, Telemachus, Mentor, Eucharis, and  
Nymphs attending on Calypso.

Cal. Behold, my royal guest!  
The verdant beauties of this isle  
Wear a new bloom to welcome thee.  
The spreading vines new dress their leaves,  
The sprouting flowers rejoice;  
And laurels, that imbowering shade this grotto,  
Spring fresh as if aspiring to thy brows.  
Here end thy labours,  
And live for ever blest.

Tel. O bounteous goddess! O delightful scene!  
What thanks can I repay?

## AIR VI.

A thousand raptures fill my breast,  
And glow thro' ev'ry vein;  
How bright is joy, how grateful rest,  
Succeeding toil and pain.

Cal. [Aside.] I know not why, yet still that chief  
Disturbs my sight— [unknown  
His looks chaffice the pleasures of this place,  
And damp my rising joy.

Tel. Ye powers! where'er I turn my eyes,  
New prospects rise to view, new wonders charm me.

Cal. Thy father here enjoy'd seven blissful years.

Tel. My father!

Cal. And had he staid till now had still been happy.

Tel. O say, divine Calypso!

Where may I find the king of Ithaca?

Where may I find my father?

Cal. Alas!—thy search is vain.

Tel. O never will I cease,  
Till, join'd in his embrace,  
With mutual joy I bless him, and am blest'd.

Cal. Then know, when he forsook this isle,  
His ship was lost,  
And he—inquire no more.

Tel. What do I hear?—where am I?  
O Ulysses!

## AIR VII.

If in Elysian plains he roves,  
And silent wanders thro' the groves,  
O let me thither be convey'd!  
I'll die to meet his happy shade,

Cal. No—live; be warn'd, and shun thy father's  
Within this island grows ambrosial fruit, [fate;  
Whose juice unfading youth bestows;  
When thou hast tasted this, no more  
Shall mortal care approach thee.  
Now take secure thy rest.  
An inner grotto is prepar'd  
For thee and thy brave friend,  
Where falling currents from the hills,  
At distance heard, invite to easy slumbers.  
While nightingales, that haunt the neighbouring  
Chear all the hours of darkness. [woods

## AIR VIII.

No more let sorrow wound thee;  
Here peace, still hovering round thee,  
Shall smoothly guide the night;  
And Phœbus ev'ry morning,  
With pleasures new returning,  
Shall bless the dawning light.

[Exeunt Cal. Eueh. and Nymphs.]

## SCENE VII.

Telemachus and Mentor.

Tel. O Mentor! best of friends,  
My guide and my support!  
What can'st thou say to sooth my swelling grief?  
Ment. Thy grief is pious;  
And yet I fear—

Tel. Why dost thou chide me with thy eyes?  
O speak!

Thy gloomy silence wounds me.

Ment. Then hear me; Let thy father's image  
Live in thy soul, and waken all thy virtue.

Tel. Can I forget my father?—Let these tears  
Speak how I mourn his loss.

Ment. Alas! thou dost not see  
What dangers here surround thee.

Tel. Danger!—from whence?  
Calypso smiles.

Ment. So smil'd of late the ocean;  
And yet the storm arose by which the ship,  
E'en on this shore, this faithless shore, was split.

## AIR IX.

Let not pleasure's charms undo thee;  
Trust not the deluding joy.

Tho' the Siren softly woo thee,  
Gaily smiling

And beguiling,

She'll thy nobler bliss destroy.

Tel. Speak thus for ever!—When I hear thy  
I think the gods themselves [voices,  
Vouchsafe to give me counsel.

I now perceive thy fears

Left I forget my country—No—

I'll leave this charming place,  
Would the kind gods but point me out the way,  
And favour my return.

## AIR X. Two Voices.

Ment. Hark how the voice of Fame  
Calls loudly, Come away!

Tel. I hear th' immortal claim;  
I hear, and I obey.

Ment. Come, come away.

Tel. I hear, and I obey.

Both. The hero's soul with native fires,  
To glory's noblest height aspires,  
And scorns supine delay. [Ex. Ment. and Tel.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A large Hall, adorned with Trophies,  
Suits of Armour, &c.  
Eucharis and Telemachus.

Eueh. SEE the fair palace built to entertain  
S Troy's greatest foe, thy conqu'ring art

Trophies of finish'd war behold,  
Thus plac'd around to fill the hero's soul  
With pleasing visions of his labours past.  
*Tel.* The sight approaches me—  
Why do I languish here?

Is there no Troy for me to conquer? [art thou?  
To arms, to arms!—Mentor, my friend, where  
Lead me to war, to danger, and to glory.

*Euch.* What means Telemachus?

*Tel.* Let me implore, fair Nymph! thy aid  
To hasten my departure.

*Euch.* Depart?—It must not, cannot be.

Alas! thou dost not know Calypso.

'Twas thus Ulysses perish'd by her rage:

She, she destroy'd thy father.

*Tel.* So kind, and yet so cruel!—Let me fly  
Far from her sight.

*Euch.* Fly her revenge you cannot if you go;  
But if you stay,

By me assisted to elude her arts,

You here may live in peace.

*Tel.* Thy gen'rous pity moves me—

*Euch.* Perhaps there is a kinder reason too—  
O stay!

AIR XI.

How shall I speak my secret pain,

Yet how that pain conceal?

Alas! e'en silence now is vain;

My looks my heart reveal.

*Tel.* What do I feel. [*Aside.*—Turn not away  
those eyes.

But look again—and fix me here for ever.

AIR XII.

Ambition! cease to alarm me;

Empire and fame adieu:

Love only now can charm me,

And only love from you.

*Towards the End of the Air Mentor enters, and stands  
privately at the Corner of the Stage.*

*Euch.* Unhappy Eucharis!

*Tel.* O why that sigh?

Why those soft eyes of sorrow?

*Euch.* I've heard too much!—Farewel!

*Tel.* You will not leave me?

*Euch.* Mentor, thy friend, will soon be here,  
And summon thee away.

*Tel.* Thou seest I have no pow'r to go;

Why dost thou then upbraid me?

*Euch.* It was a sudden fear

That chill'd my boding heart.

But see!—the early morning calls

To rural sports; wilt thou with me

Go share the pleasures of the sprightly chase?

*Tel.* With thee those pleasures will have double  
charms.

*Euch.* I'll hasten and prepare a sylvan train,

And ere the sun has drawn the dews away,

I will attend thee to the woods

To hunt the flying prey.

AIR XIII.

In all her charms Aurora gay

Now smiling from the sky appears;

Rejoicing birds salute the day.

And ev'ry grove new beauty wears.

[*Exit Eucharis.*

Mentor comes forward.

SCENE II.

Mentor and Telemachus.

*Ment.* Where is the son of that immortal hero,  
Wife, valiant, great in arms, that vanquish'd Troy?  
Where is Telemachus, the heir  
Of all his father's virtue?

*Tel.* Alas! my conscious eyes betray me. [*Aside.*

*Ment.* If thou art he—Ah! no;—Telemachus  
Would not thus coldly meet his friend,  
Who brings him news of joy.

*Tel.* My secret woes—

*Ment.* What secret woe is that

Which Mentor may not share? I come to tell thee

The gods have heard thy pray'rs.

*Tel.* [*Aside.*] O too enchanting beauty!

*Ment.* I saw just now the bird that bears the  
thunder

From heav'n descend, then tow'ring rise again.

And o'er th' adjacent grove

Full to the point of op'ning day

I mark'd his steady flight.

That way great Jove provides

The means for our departure.

No longer let these looks of grief

Thy drooping courage show.

*Tel.* [*Aside.*] O cruel Heav'n!—by this relief

I'm deeper plung'd in woe.

But since Ulysses is no more,

[*To Mentor.*

Why must we leave this place?

Why court new danger?

*Ment.* Hast thou forgot thy native land,

The best of mothers there,

And fair Antiope, that royal maid

That secret sighs for thee?

All these demand thee.

*Tel.* After so many tedious years

Who now expects Telemachus?

Perhaps ere this some neighb'ring prince,

Too potent to be long deny'd,

Usurps my father's bed and throne.

How could I bear that sight? yet how revenge,

Where certain death would meet me?

*Ment.* Vain fears!—imagin'd danger!

Confess, inglorious youth! the real cause—

*Tel.* Is immortality then, offer'd here,

A cause inglorious?

*Ment.* It is—nor can you here obtain it:

Or if you could—

What is it here but life prolong'd in shame?

Farewel— [*Going, he turns back several times*

Yet must I leave thee?

I must—the gods will have it so—

I see thee lost, undone.

What can I do to save thee?

AIR XIV.

Fatal change!—what do I see?

No more, alas! no more in thee

The hero now I trace.

Where is now the sprightly fire

That did thy godlike soul inspire,

And shew'd thy gen'rous race.

[*Exit Mentor.*

SCENE III.

*Tel.* He's gone—and I—unhappy!

His parting looks and voice

Have struck a shiv'ring thro' my veins,

As if with him my guardian genius

Were fled for ever from me.

I'll haste and follow him—Ah! no;

What magick holds me here?

O Mentor!—Eucharis!

O my divided heart!

Thy charms alone, victorious beauty!

Can calm this tempest of my soul,

And sooth me into peace.

AIR XV.

O Cupid! gentle boy!

Restore me to the fair;

To love's auspicious joy

I'll fly from gloomy care.

[*Exit.*



SCENE IV. *The Grotto.*

*Cal.* Shall Greece the beauteous youth regain?  
 Shall he, too, like Ulysses, leave me?  
 No—Here in soft endearing chains  
 I'll hold him ever mine.  
 O mighty love!  
 What is thy flame in human breasts,  
 When I, a goddess, yield  
 To thy superior sway?

## AIR XVI.

All hail, imperial love!  
 Not Jove himself, immortal Jove,  
 From thy great pow'r is free.  
 The spacious realms of earth and sea,  
 And all the azure plains above,  
 All, all are full of thee.

## SCENE V.

Calypso and Mentor.

*Cal.* Mentor alone! [*Aside.*]—Illustrious Greek!  
 Where is Telemachus?

*Ment.* Does not Calypso know?  
 The forest now is all his pleasure:  
 With ardour yet unknown  
 His youthful breast is fir'd:  
 Fair Eucharis—but sure by thy command,  
 Invites him to the chase.

*Cal.* Invites him! when?

*Ment.* E'en now.

*Cal.* Didst thou say Eucharis?

*Ment.* Bright Eucharis!

Thy loveliest nymph, and next thyself divine.

*Cal.* [*Aside.*] It cannot be—with Eucharis!  
 And I unknowing?—

O! 'tis too plain—Haste, haste to Proteus,  
 Say I must see him here. [*To one of her attendants.*]  
 But have you left your friend? [*To Ment.*]  
 Will you not follow him?  
 Or why, to share these Sylvan sports,  
 Why is not Mentor there?

*Ment.* Why not Calypso?

## AIR XVII.

From me, from thee, he turns his eyes;  
 To lonely glades,  
 To distant shades,  
 From me, from thee, he flies.  
 He glows, he burns with new delight;  
 What can inspire  
 This wondrous fire?

What charms than thine more bright?

[Exit Mentor.]

## SCENE VI.

*Cal.* Then let him fly—  
 Calypso scorns the scorner.  
 Yet fly to whom?—To Eucharis?—  
 Rise, rise, ye storms! the forest shake;  
 Fall lightning on the kindling groves,  
 And blast—Ah! no;—yet spare Telemachus.  
 Perhaps belov'd, he loves her not again—  
 But sure I've seen their guilty eyes  
 Meet in secret looks of passion.  
 Shall I then yield him?—No:  
 I'll yet secure the lovely prize,  
 And yet he shall be mine.

## SCENE VII.

Proteus and Calypso.

## AIR XVIII.

*Prot.* See, goddess of this happy land!  
 Proteus is here at thy command.  
 For thee I leave my oozy caves  
 On the green margin of the waves.

*Cal.* Hear, sone of Neptune! hear  
 Why Calypso calls thee hither.  
 A beauteous nymph adorns my train,  
 Belov'd by thee—I know thy passion.

*Prot.* She flies my vain pursuit,  
 Yet warms me more

Than the bright sun, whose cheering beams  
 Each noon I seek, while my sea-herds  
 Sleep on the weedy shore around me.

*Cal.* This day shall see her thine.

*Prot.* O mighty bliss!

*Cal.* But first attend what love and I enjoin thee.  
 A Grecian stranger is thy rival.—  
 Haste to the woods, and find these lovers there:  
 Perplex their way, disturb the chase,  
 And Eucharis, by me bestow'd,  
 Shall be thy fair reward.

## AIR XIX.

Let love inspire thee;  
 And more, to fire thee,  
 Rage, hope, and jealous hate, combine.  
 Haste, haste to gain her;  
 By art obtain her,  
 And make th' inconstant beauty thine.

SCENE VIII. *The Woods.**Prelude of instrumental Musick.*

*Tel. Euch. and Nymphs, enter as to the Chase.*

*Euch.* The spacious woods are all around us;  
 There lies our way.

*Tel.* All I see and hear delights me.  
 Sure these are great Diana's train,  
 And thou the goddess.

## AIR XX.

I.

Hark! the hollow groves resounding,  
 Echo to the hunter's cry.

Hark! how all the vales surrounding,  
 To his cheering voice reply.

II.

Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,  
 He pursues the gay delight;  
 Distant woods and plains retiring,  
 Seem to vanish from his sight.

*Euch.* See, see!—near yonder brake  
 Behold the list'ning deer!

*Tel.* Lead on; and, like thy conqu'ring eyes,  
 Unerring be thy hand. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

*After a Prelude of instrumental Musick Tel. re-enters.*

*Tel.* I've lost the track—Sure there's enchant-  
 A rising vapour, like a cloud, [*ment here.*]  
 This moment stopp'd my pace,  
 And spread a sudden night around me.

'Tis gone—Where's Eucharis?—

My ear will guide me:

This way I hear the sound. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE X.

Proteus following Telemachus.

*Prot.* He's now alone,  
 Nor knows that artful cloud was Proteus.  
 What likeness cannot I assume?  
 I'll follow him,  
 And in the form of Eucharis  
 I'll more distract his sight.

## SCENE XI.

*Proteus re-enters in the Shape of Eucharis, followed by Telemachus.*

*Tel.* To find thee here exceeds all other pleasures;  
 But why dost thou retire?  
 Why with dejected looks forbid my joy?  
 O stay, thou brightest fair!

[Proteus retires to the farther end of the scene,  
 and, as Telemachus advances towards him,  
 sinks under the stage: a tree rises in his stead.]

## AIR XXI.

*Tel.* Amazing change!—What do I see!  
 O fatal loss! O wondrous tree!



# CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS.

7

What envious pow'r, in this disguise,  
Removes my charmer from my eyes?  
Perhaps this bark by magick holds  
Th' imprison'd struggling beauty.  
Alas! me, gods! to set her free.

[Telemachus goes to strike the tree, which is suddenly changed into fire, and vanishes.]

## SCENE XII.

Eucharis and Telemachus.

Euch. Telemachus!—alas!—surprise  
Sits on thy brow.

What means this sudden horror?

Tel. O fair delusion! stay;

Hover a while to bless my eyes

Ere thou again deceive me.

Euch. Thy words are wild! trembling thy voice!

Thou dost not know me!

Tel. 'Tis she herself!—'Tis Eucharis!

My joyful heart assures me

'Tis she—Vain fears away.

Euch. What fear?—O say!

Tel. Just now I saw thee here;

I saw thee, or some beauteous phantom

Smil'd lovely in thy borrow'd charms:

I gaz'd—but lost thy heav'nly image—

Which now arose a tree, but soon

In flashing fire escap'd my wond'ring sight.

Euch. Wonder no more:

Proteus, that changeful pow'r! was here,

Who with unwelcome passion wooes me,

And took these visionary forms

To drive thee to despair.

## AIR XXII. Two Voices.

Tel. My charmer!—Euch. My treasure!

Tel. To meet thee,

Euch. To greet thee,

Both. Is joy past expressing.

No more let us part;

With transport confessing,

I feel a new pleasure

That glides thro' my heart.

## A C T III.

SCENE I. A Prospect, with Woods at a Distance.

Calypso and Proteus.

Cal. SAY, didst thou meet his frightened eyes  
In all thy various shapes of terror?

What savage form that breeds in caves,

Or haunts the hills and sandy desert,

Did Proteus wear? Say, how didst thou deceive him?

Prot. What form so likely to deceive

As that of soft enchanting beauty?

I caught him with the seeming smiles

Of Eucharis—that false, yet charming fair!

Cal. Where are they now?

You said they met again.

Prot. Yet Proteus still was near;

And folded in a serpent's train

I lay conceal'd, where, weary with the chace,

She led him to a chearing banquet.

Curse on the sight!—I saw, I saw

The nymphs officious wait around,

And fill in flowing cups ambrosial juice,

To make the flatter'd boy immortal.

Cal. Return, return;

Why did you leave 'em?

Prot. To tell thee, goddess,

He's now alone; the treach'rous nymph,

To hide her passion, comes t' attend on thee.

Cal. Proteus, she's thine this moment—

Alone!—Once more I'll see him.

[Aside.]

## AIR XXIII.

Come, ev'ry grace adorn me!

To charm those eyes that charm me,

Love, now thy aid supply.

Or if th' ungrateful scorn me,

Ye rising furies arm me!

Unpity'd he shall die. [Ex. Cal. Prot.]

SCENE II. A Canopy in the Wood.

Telemachus sleeping.

Ment. He smiles—he dreams—gay visions fill  
his soul.

Of golden scenes and bright Elysian pleasure.

O fond deluded youth!—Telemachus,

When, when wilt thou awake

To virtue and to fame?

He knows not Mentor yet—Sleep on;

Another Mentor shall deceive thy eyes,

Ere yet the destin'd hour is come to save thee.

[Exit Mentor.]

## SCENE III.

Telemachus still sleeping.

Cal. This is the place—Alas!

What awes me ent'ring here?

Sure something sacred hovers near him.

See!—rosy bloom and brighter youth

Shine in his face.—Has Eucharis

Improv'd those charms?—He smiles,

As if he heard that pleasing name,

And ev'n in sleep he seems to scorn Calypso.

Fend love be gone—Revenge, revenge!

This spear shall right my injur'd beauty.

[Snatching his hunting-spear.]

But see—he smiles again!

Perhaps he dreams that Eucharis

Has made him now immortal.

This to convince thee—No—

[Going to strike, she stops.]

Ere yet I strike the fatal blow

I'll tell him how he wrongs me.

## AIR XXIV.

Awake! impending vengeance see;

Once more behold the day and me;

Then sink to shades of endless night,

And catch, with dying eyes, the light.

He wakes—my fainting anger dies.

[Throws away the spear.]

O tyrant love! O weak Calypso!

Tel. [Waking.] Where is my Eucharis? my fair?

Alas!—Calypso!—

[Starting.]

Cal. What! dost thou start to view me here?

Ungrat-ful!—does thy guilt affright thee?

Or dost thou know Calypso comes

To take revenge for all her slighted bounty?

Tel. Revenge!

Cal. "Where is my Eucharis? my fair!"

Did not that name recall thy doom?

Returning pity would have spar'd thee.

Tel. My doom!—what cause—will great Calypso—

Cal. I'll hear no more.

Fly from my isle, invader! fly:

Yet shall my rage,

Like lightning, blast thee in thy flight.

Fly to thy nymph, thy Eucharis,

And see if she can save thee.

[Exit Calypso.]

## SCENE IV.

Tel. Can death alarm me?—Do I dream?

Or did I taste the wondrous juice

That can bestow

Celestial youth and ever-blooming joy?

Alas!—still mortal sorrow pains me.

O Eucharis!—O only fair!

If I must live, yet losing thee,

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Take back th' immortal cruel gift,  
And let me die—or still be happy.

## AIR XXV.

Hear me, love! my sorrows ending;  
While I wander thro' this shade,  
Venus, with thy doves descending,  
Guide me to the beauteous maid.  
All ye smiling loves attending,  
Come in pity to my aid.

## SCENE V.

*Proteus following Telemachus.*

*Prot.* Still I trace thee, hated boy!  
Nor shalt thou now escape my fury—

[*Going, he turns back.*]

Yet stay—I saw, upon the winding shore,  
As on a pointed rock I sat,  
When first he landed in this isle,  
I saw a friend of godlike port attend him;  
I mark'd that stranger's mien—  
Where is he now?  
I'll wear his visage, and decoy  
My rival to his ruin.

## AIR XXVI.

Ye monsters that sleep  
In the cells of the deep,  
To revenge your great master prepare;  
I'll seize and I'll throw  
To the waves my proud foe,  
Then soon I'll recover the fair.

## SCENE VI.

*Eucb.* He's gone—Telemachus!—No voice re-  
Thro' all the spacious hollows of the wood [plies;  
A sacred silence reigns.  
Telemachus!—Alas!  
Ev'n Echo now is mute.  
He's gone—perhaps for ever!  
O Proteus! O Calypso!  
How shall I now appease you?

## AIR XXVII.

Cruel Cupid! break thy darts;  
Love and conquest are no more;  
Vain are all my softer arts;  
Hope deceives me,  
Pleasure leaves me,  
I must now my loss deplore.

## SCENE VII.

*The Sea-Shore, and the Cave of Proteus.*

*Proteus enters in the Likeness of Mentor followed by Telemachus.*

*Tel.* Gods! can it be?  
Does Mentor then approve my passion?  
How shall I speak  
My grateful soul, and my o'erflowing joy?  
Yet—whither dost thou lead me?

[*Proteus enters the cave, and returns immediately in his own shape.*]

*Prot.* Behold that Mentor now!  
Proteus, thy rival.

*Tel.* Assist me, mighty Jove!

*Prot.* In Mentor's shape I had no pow'r to harm  
But now thy life is mine. [thee,

[*Telemachus drawing his sword, is seized by Proteus.*]

*Mentor enters, and Proteus, losing his Hold, runs into the Cave, and sinks with it into the Sea.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Telemachus and Mentor.*

*Tel.* What hand divine—  
My friend—"Tis he, the real godlike Mentor!  
Yet how can I, with guilty eyes, behold him!  
*Ment.* Return, return to friendship and to glory.  
*Tel.* O no—I'm lost in shame.  
Why do you save me?—let me die—

Yet let me die within those generous arms.  
I cannot live—

And think how I have wrong'd thy wondrous [bounty

*Ment.* This glowing virtue on thy cheek  
Restores thee to thyself and me.

Yet fly—Telemachus!

Fly from this enchanted ground  
That sinks away beneath thee: snares and ruin  
Are spread through all the treach'rous soil.

[*Exit.*]

*Tel.* Lead me, my guardian spirit! save me;  
But, oh!—

*Ment.* What is that breathing sorrow?

*Tel.* O Eucharis!

Alas! forgive my foul's returning softness.

*Ment.* Awake from that illusive dream.

She's gone, the fleeting shadow's gone;

Calypso gives her to the changeful god,

The price of vow'd revenge on thee.

*Tel.* O let me once behold the mourning fair!

*Ment.* Still she deludes thee.

Th' alluring cup she lately gave

Was fill'd with noxious juice;

T' enslave thy reasons nobler pow'rs.

## AIR XXVIII. Two Voices.

*Ment.* O break the charm, the charmer leave,  
Nor let her more thy heart deceive.

*Tel.* I'll break the charm, the charmer leave,  
Nor shall she more my heart deceive.

'Tis done—O false ensnaring beauty!

In this last sigh—Farewel.

[*Aside.*]

[*Here a machine of clouds descending, fills the stage, separating Mentor from Telemachus.*]

*Tel.* Where am I now? O lost Telemachus!

Does Mentor too forsake me?

See! see what stores of vengeance are descending?

Great Jove!—I wait thy mighty will;

Here end my life, or ease my sorrow!

## AIR XXIX.

Joy forsakes me, hope is fled,  
Break ye low'ring clouds asunder,  
Pour your thunder  
Quick on this devoted head!

*The Clouds opening on a sudden, the Stage is illuminated, and in the Midst of the Machine Mentor now appears as Minerva.*

## SCENE IX.

*Minerva, and Telemachus.*

*Min.* Telemachus! despair no more.

*Tel.* O all ye pow'rs!

What sound familiar strikes my ear!

What glories open to my sight!

Minerva's form!—the voice of Mentor!

*Min.* Minerva now behold,

Who long conceal'd in Mentor's form

Attended thee thro' ev'ry danger,

To guide thy wand'ring youth, and in thy soul

To raise and finish all the growing hero.

Fly false delights.—Ulysses lives;

Calypso wrong'd thy fond belief;

Ulysses lives, and thou again shalt see him.

*Tel.* [*Knelling.*] Daughter of Jove! celestial  
O let me ever thus adore thee! [maid

*Min.* Arise—To Ithaca I'll now convey thee;

There bright Antiope,

That beauteous daughter of the Cretan king,

Shall crown thy chaster love

With ev'ry charm, and ev'ry royal virtue.

Think on the honours of thy race, and know,

When hoary age and rip'ning fame

Shall gather to the gods thy fire,

Telemachus shall fill his throne,

And shine in all his propagated glory.

# CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS.

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## AIR XXX.

See those golden beams, how bright!

Heav'n descends in streaming rays,

And foreshows thee joyful days.

Pallas guards thee;

Jove rewards thee;

Happy years begin their flight.

*Telemachus goes into the Machine with Minerva:  
as it is ascending, Calypso, Proteus, and Eucharis,  
enter.*

## SCENE X.

Calypso, Proteus, Eucharis, and Nymphs.

*Prot.* Calypso, see where he ascends!

Behold the pow'r divine that guards him;

Mentor no more, but great Minerva.

*Cal. [Aside.]* O hated sight!

*Eucb.* O Proteus! what have I endur'd

For scorn of thee?

*Prot.* Complain no more; but smile, and make  
me happy.

*Cal.* Robb'd of my love and my revenge!

Jove, it is thy will—I'll hence away,

And give a loose to frenzy and despair.

'Tis vain to strive against superior gods;

Yet shall my fury blast the tainted earth,

And split my trembling rocks around me.

## AIR XXXI.

No longer here shall nature smile,

Nor spring perpetual grace my isle;

Hence all ye flatt'ring pleasures, fly!

Eternal gloom blot out the day;

Fade ev'ry flow'r; each tree decay;

O that Calypso too could die!



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# Perseus and Andromeda. K

WITH  
THE RAPE OF COLOMBINE;

THE FLYING LOVERS.

IN FIVE INTERLUDES.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

JUPITER.  
PERSEUS.  
MERCURY.  
CUPID.  
Followers of Perseus.  
Tritons.  
CEPHEUS, Father to Andromeda.  
Two Gorgons.  
Six Sailors or Watermen.

ANDROMEDA.  
CASSIOPEA, her Mother.  
MEDUSA.  
The Hours of Sleep.  
VENUS.  
MINERVA.  
JUNO.  
DIANA.  
Attendants on Andromeda.

## IN THE PANTOMIME.

DOCTOR, Colombine's Father.  
SQUIRE, designed to marry Colombine.  
PIKROT, Doctor's Man.  
MEZETIN, Colombine's Lover.

HARLEQUIN, Mezetin's Man.  
CLOWN, the Squire's Man.  
COLOMBINE, in Love with Mezetin.  
MOPSOPIIL, Colombine's Maid.

THE curtain rises and discovers Medusa's cavern. Medusa and two Gorgons, her sisters, repose themselves in the cave. Through the rocks is discovered the prospect of a desolate country, with human figures metamorphosed into stone by looking upon Medusa.

Medusa and the Gorgons dance, expressing a horror at their condition; Minerva having changed their forms, and turned their hair to snakes, for profanation of her temple: Neptune having ravished Medusa there, she being formerly a beautiful virgin, who with her sisters were votaries to that goddess. When their dance is ended, they sit down again, and seem to repose themselves.

Mercury enters, and with his caduceus charms them into a slumber.

The Hours of Sleep enter and perform a dance, then charm the Gorgons into a profound sleep.

While they are sleeping, Perseus enters, and, after joining in a dance with Mercury, receives from him a sword. Mercury holds the shield, (the gift of Minerva to Perseus) while he severs Medusa's head from her body.

The Gorgons awake from their sleep in great terror, and sink into the earth at the touch of Mercury's caduceus. From the blood of Medusa spring several monsters, who seek for Perseus to devour him. But his invisible helmet, given him by Pluto, prevents their finding him.

From the same blood is engendered Pegasus, the winged horse, which Perseus mounts, and flies up. Mercury returns to heaven, and the first Interlude of the serious ends. Then follows the first interlude of the comick; which being ended, and the overture performed, the scene draws and discovers a prospect of the sea, bounded with rocks. Six sailors, or boatmen (supposed to be the crew of Cepheus and Cassiopea, who are come to visit their daughter Andromeda) dance a comick dance. That ended,

Cepheus, Cassiopea, Andromeda, and attendants enter and perform a dance. A storm arises, and out of the sea spring four Tritons, who bind Andromeda to a rock in the sea, to be devoured by a sea-monster, at the command of the Nereids, for a crime not her own: which is express'd from Ovid in English by the late Mr. Addison in these lines.

Andromeda was there, doom'd to atone,  
 By her own ruin, follies not her own;  
 And if injustice in a god can be,  
 Such was the Lybian god's unjust decree.  
 Chain'd to a rock she stood; young Perseus stay'd  
 His rapid flight, to view the beauteous maid.  
 So sweet her frame, so exquisitely fine,  
 She seem'd a statue by a hand divine,  
 Had not the wind her waving tresses shew'd,  
 And down her cheeks the melting sorrows flow'd.  
 Her faultless form the hero's bosom fires,  
 The more he looks, the more he still admires.  
 Th' admirer almost had forgot to fly,  
 And swift descended flutt'ring from on high.  
 O virgin, worthy no such chains to prove  
 But pleasing chains in the soft folds of love!  
 Thy country, and thy name, (he said) disclose,  
 And give a true rehearsal of thy woes.  
 A quick reply her bashfulness refus'd,  
 To the free converse of a man unus'd.  
 Her rising blushes had concealment found  
 From her spread hands, but that her hands were bound.

She acted to her full extent of power,  
 And bath'd her face with a fresh silent shower.  
 But by degrees in innocence grown bold,  
 Her name, her country, and her birth she told.  
 And how she suffer'd for her mother's pride,  
 Who with the Nereids once in beauty vy'd.  
 Part yet untold, the seas began to roar,  
 And mounting billows tumbled on the shore.  
 Above the waves a monster rais'd his head,  
 His body o'er the deep was widely spread.  
 Onward he flounc'd: aloud the virgin cries;  
 Each parent to her shrieks in shrieks replies;  
 But she had deepest cause to rend the skies.  
 Weeping to her they cling; no sign appears  
 Of help, they only lend their helpless tears.  
 Too long you vent your sorrows, Perseus said,  
 Short is the hour, and swift the time of aid.  
 In me the son of thund'ring Jove behold,  
 Got in a kindly shower of fruitful gold;  
 Medusa's snaky head is now my prey,  
 And through the clouds I boldly wing my way.  
 If such desert be worthy of esteem,  
 And if your daughter I from death redeem,  
 Shall she be mine? Shall it not then be thought,  
 A bride so lovely was too cheaply bought?  
 The parents eagerly the terms embrace,  
 For who would slight such terms in such a case?  
 Then bounding upward the brave Perseus sprung,  
 And in mid air on hovering pinions hung.  
 Thus the wing'd hero now descends, now soars,  
 And at his pleasure the vast monster goars.  
 The monster rag'd impatient of his pain;  
 First bounded high, and then sunk low again.

When Perseus has delivered Andromeda by the death of the monster, he receives her from her father and mother, and all go out together.

Then follows the second Interlude of the comedy which ended,

The curtain rises, and discovers the garden of Venus terminated with the temple of love.

Cupid descends from his temple attended with other little Loves, who assemble his devotees, that form themselves into a dance; which ended, Cupid calls Perseus and Andromeda, and joins their hands. That done, they dance; expressing their mutual love. The dance ended, Jupiter descends in his chariot, attended by Juno, Minerva, Diana, and Venus, in their several chariots, to honour the nuptials of his son Perseus; Jupiter joins in a dance with them, then takes his son and daughter with him into his chariot, and ascends to heaven with the rest of the deities, where the two lovers were made the constellations that bear their names.—The lovers that remain join in a chorus-dance, and end the entertainment.

## S O N G

To the Tune of "Thomas I cannot," in the first Comic Interlude.

The Words by Mr. WEAVER.

I.

In London town there liv'd, well known,  
 A Doctor, old and wary;  
 A daughter fair was all his care,  
 How to dispose and marry.  
 This daughter she, as all agree,  
 Was wond'rous neat and pretty.  
 Ye parents dear, I pray draw near,  
 And listen unto my ditty.

II.

The Doctor bent, with full intent,  
 A country squire should have her;  
 For he had pence, instead of sense,  
 Which gain'd this old man's favour.  
 The daughter she would not agree,  
 This was no match for Kitty.  
 Ye maidens all, too apt to fall,  
 Come listen unto my ditty.

III.

A neigh'ring spark, a lawyer's clerk,  
 This fair maid's heart obtained;  
 With love and truth, the gentle youth  
 All her affections gained.  
 The Doctor, he, would not agree,  
 Alas, and more the pity!  
 Ye lovers true, altho' but few,  
 Come listen unto my ditty.

IV.

The squire address'd, the Doctor press'd,  
 But could not bring her over;  
 She each denies, and both denies,  
 Nor will she lose her lover.  
 The lover flew, when this he knew,  
 And runs away with Kitty.  
 Thus soon, my love, I hope to prove,  
 The fact of this my ditty.

